

AN
EPISTLE

From the PLATONICK

Madam *B* — — — *ier*,

To the CELEBRATED

Signor *Car* — — — *ino*.

[Price One Shilling.]

AN

EPISTLE

From the PLATONICK

Madam B ——— 164.

To the CELEBRATED

Signor C ——— 160.

[Price One Shilling.]

AN
EPISTLE

From the PLATONICK

Madam *B* — — — *ier*,

To the CELEBRATED

Signor *Car* — — — *ino*.

*Nec sterilem te crede ; licet, mulieribus exul,
Falcem virginiae nequeas immittere messi,
Et nostro peccare modo. Tibi Fama perenne
Prægnabit ; rapiesque novem de monte Sorores ;
Et pariet modulos Echo repetita Nepotes.*

MARVEL.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. SMITH in the *Strand*.

MDCCXXXIV.

154212*

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Gift of
Alexander Cochrane,
of Boston

From the PLATONIC

To the CELESTIAL

Signor C.

Nec scilicet te crederet, multum ex
Falsumque nesciret, immoque
Et nesciret, modo. Tibi Tunc per
Prægnabit; rapisq; nescire de
Et pariet modum. Echo repetit. Nescire.

MARX.

L O W D O N :

Printed for R. Smith in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIV.

Madam *B*— — — *ier*,

TO

Signor *Car*— — — *ino*.

PARDON, from one scarce known, this rude Address,
 Thou something more than *Man*--- in being less;
 What Innocence appears in that dear Face,
 E'en *Prudes* may call it so, — without Disgrace;
 Though idle Tongues report, you early lost
 Some trifling *Things*, — of which Men vainly boast;
 Where is the Loss? — We love a Goose-Pye bon'd,
 Nor eat Plum-Pudding, — if it is not *Ston'd*:
 With puzzling Terms Mankind wou'd fain perplex
 Our Virgin Thoughts; and yet neglect to fix
 You Part of ours, or theirs, or any *Sex*:
 If neither Man, nor Woman, — we may swear,
 You're cast in such a Mould, as Angels are,
 All over free from Blemish, smooth and fair.

B

Sweet

Sweet *Musick's* brightest Ornament you've shone ;
 Long may you *Stand*,—as't were, its *Corner-Stone*.
 Tell me, ye *Prudes* !—what is there that can harm us,
 In a *quick Movement*,— or a *Cantus-Firmus* ?
 Take then, ye *Belles* !—your gaudy, flutt'ring Things,
 They all must yield, when *C---ino* — Sings:
 I fly each puny, self-admiring *Fop*,
 To hug the dear Deceiver's *Double-Stop*.
 Some on a Face, some on a Shape may doat,
 Some like the Man, and some the fine Lac'd-Coat ;
 But give me, O ye Stars !— his *Holding Note*.

Sure, if you pleas'd, you'd ravish half the Town,
 With that delightful whisking up and down :
 For *Art* and *Nature* can no further go,
 Than sweet *Above*, with full and strong *Below* :
 So vast a *Compass*, Sweetness, Grace, and Strength ;
 A *Double Octave*—is a charming Length !
 Your *Execution* strikes me with Surprise,
 Still as you move, I gently fall, and rise ;
 Now plough the yielding Waves, now mount the Skies.

O ! what

O! what Delight! — to join the loud Applause,
Which crowns the finishing each killing *Pause* :
For me — at ev'ry Close, quite lost in Joy,
I murm'ring — Sigh — *Mon chere* — *encore* — *une Fois*.

But oh! — what Horror through my Vitals ran,
To see you combat with that huge * *Bull-man* ;
The *double Monster* put me on the Rack,
Dreading, each Turn, to see him leap your Back :
To ease our Fears, pray be not quite so brave ;
Think, but in Yours, a Thousand Lives you save.

'Tis said — you'll Go, — pray Heav'n! it be not true;
The only shocking Sound can come from you.
Why did those Eyes, that Air, that — Voice deceive us?
You came, you sung, you conquer'd, and you — leave us.
Alas! — you ne'er can fail to touch each Heart,
So true you *Point*, — so well *Sustain* your Part :
With thy dear Person we may bid adieu to
The just *Staccato*, and firm *Softenu*to.

* *Minotaur*, in *ARIADNE*.

Some Peoples Confidence would make one stare,
 That *Sene*---no's *Pipe* with your's compare ;
 They might as well shew in the Field together,
 A brisk, young, butting *Ram*,— and old *Bellweather*:
 In vain his shrivell'd Lungs he strives to stretch ;
 His weaken'd Pinions cannot fly your *Pitch* :
 His feeble *Pipe* no Life, no Spirit shews ;
 Like a weak Hand, a blunted Dart it throws ;
 Always deficient in a proper *Close* :
 His greatest Efforts unconcern'd we bear,
 And all that he can do, won't enter here :
 When one wou'd have him *Sharp*, he proves quite *Flat* ;
 What greater Curse can Woman meet than that ?
 At perfect Numbers, she who wou'd arrive,
 Will find dull *Fifty* — short of *Twenty-five*.

Says my old Aunt, *How can these Creatures please you?*
Lud! Niece — *they only serve at most to teize you:*

You

*You make a Rout with him, and Sen - - - no;
 Bankrupts, I fear, — for sure, both You and I know,
 They cannot pay a Bill — for want of Rino.* }
*O Madam! — I reply'd — the Fact's wrong laid,
 They're always paying, yet we're never paid:
 The Expectation of the coming Bliss,
 So much both Soul and Body does possess;
 With them alone, we boast an endless Pleasure,
 And scorn to ask, like Jockeys, Weight for Measure.*

Why should this silly *Chit-Chat* (though in Rhyme)
 Presume to trespass on your precious Time?
 To share your Cares, and sweeten bitter Life,
 Let's gravely find you out, a proper *Wife*.

Since (barr'd by Law to wear our Chains of Love,)
 You can't the filthy Joys of *Wedlock* prove;
 Tho'n vain you'd strive (if Inclination led)
 To raise a Plant in the warm *Nuptial Bed*;
 Yet you're not barren, though you bear no Fruit,
 Like odious *Man---* that propagating Brute !

Each brawny *Male* — each two-legg'd upright *Elf*,
 Can hammer out an Image of Himself;
 Love's Altar they approach with savage *Zeal*,
 And think no further — than just what they feel:
 A Thing of course — no *Gusto* — no Delight!
 A Dose of *Marriage-Opium* — and good Night.

By noble Means, to eternize your Name,
 Make your Addresses to the Goddess *FAME*;
 If like your own, her Voice could sound your Praise,
 A lovely, num'rous Race she'd quickly raise:
 Happy *Hay-Market* should the Witness be
 Of *Infants* Got and Born in *Melody*:
 If *Midwife* *HANDEL* bring the Babes to Light,
 And the Nine *Muses* gossip there each Night:
 If proper *Judges* careful *Nurses* prove,
 As free from *Malice* as from partial *Love*.

Like

Like other *Husbands* when Abroad you roam
 In quest of *Game*, you know, abounds at Home;
 The chaste Nymph ECHO on your Pipe shall dote,
 Hug the dear *Warble* of your melting Throat,
 And multiply your Race in each repeated Note.

F I N I S.

